

SIXTEEN KILLED IN PANIC STAMPEDE OF THEATRE CROWD

Woman and Children Trampled in Senseless Rush Started as Audience Was Filing Out of English Hall-- Many Others Were Injured.

BARNSELY, York, England, Jan. 11.—The senseless stampede of a crowd of people in a theatre of this city resulted to-day in a shocking disaster. Sixty persons, including a number of children in arms, were crushed to death by the frantic efforts of the crowd to get clear of the building, and many others were injured.

And all for no reason. There was no danger, no fire, only the uncomfortable panic of the crowd that found its egress from the theatre hampered by its own numbers.

There had been a performance for children at Harvey Institute. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity and many persons had been refused admittance at the door. At the conclusion of the performance an inexplicable, mad rush was made for the exits, and it was there that the fatal crush occurred.

The weaker went to the ground and were trampled to death by the stronger. Lives were crushed out and limbs were broken by the frantic people as they struggled and fought to make their way to the open.

There was no need of haste. Order and calm and self-control would have permitted everybody to get out of the hall safely.

MISS VANDERBILT AND THE COUNT GET LICENSE TO MARRY

Miss Gladys Moore Vanderbilt, the daughter of Cornelius Vanderbilt, who is to be married on Jan. 27 to the Count Szechenyi, of Hungary, went to the Marriage License Bureau in the City Hall to-day and secured a certificate without which the ceremony could not be performed. The Count and Miss Vanderbilt rode to the City Hall in a taximeter cab from the Vanderbilt home, at Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street.

Getting out in Chambers street to avoid attention, the Count and Miss Vanderbilt walked through City Hall Park with Morris Zukor, the Count's attorney on this side of the ocean, who met them at the curb. Reaching City Hall, City Clerk Scully invited them into his office. They had the marriage license all ready. Mr. Zukor having provided one for them, which they had filed out at their own convenience.

Miss Vanderbilt's costume was green, with a hat not large, with green feathers. She smiled often. The Count was sedate. He wore a dark business suit and a derby hat. He speaks good English.

Miss Vanderbilt had written out the answers to the questions on her side of the blank as follows:

Full name, Gladys Moore Vanderbilt; color, white; residence, New York; age, twenty-one; occupation (left blank); place of birth, New York; name of father, Cornelius; country of birth, America; maiden name of mother, Alice Gwynne; country of birth, America; number of marriage, first; former husband or husbands, living or dead, none; applicant a divorced person, no; if so, when or where were the divorce, or divorces granted, none.

The Count wrote as follows:

Full name, Count László Jeno Maria Henrik Simon Szechenyi; color, white; place of residence, Ormeau, Hungary; age, twenty-eight; occupation, landowner, a P. (imperial and royal) chamberlain; place of birth, Hungary; name of father, Count Imre Szechenyi; name of mother, Countess Alexandra Szaray Szirmay; country of birth, Hungary; former wife or wives, living or dead, none; is applicant a divorced person, no; if so, when or where were the divorce, or divorces granted, none.

Mr. Zukor showed a copy of the official publication of the bans in the Count's native town, Ormeau, in Hungary, which was similar to the license in many ways, but added that the

Count's religion was Roman Catholic. The bride-to-be's religion was not given. The bans were officially published on Nov. 21, 1907.

City Clerk Scully read over the questions, and then, as is customary, swore the Count and Miss Vanderbilt. They raised their right hands, and when Mr. Scully said at the close, "So help you God," they both bowed.

The Count paid the dollar license fee. When a civil and religious ceremony is to be performed then two licenses have to be procured, but the Count did not buy two.

There were few in the place at the time, and no one but Mr. Scully knew who they were. They spent about ten minutes in all in the bureau.

Mr. Zukor said it is a great mistake if anybody thinks the marriage is one of any fortune seeking.

"It is one of the nicest marriages I have ever known," said he. "It is a beautiful one and full of the finest sentiment. The Count's family is eleven hundred years old, and there have been among them men students and men of letters, and men of letters of home life, and the women have been all of the kind who live quietly and sedately."

**ESCAPING GAS KILLED HIM.**  
**Baker Supposed to Be Henry Schaeffer Found in Room.**

A man supposed to be Henry Schaeffer, a baker, employed at No. 742 Westchester avenue, Bronx, was today found asphyxiated in his room at No. 504 Clinton avenue.

Detached from the gas heater in the room was a pipe from which the gas had escaped into the room. Mrs. Robert Schaeffer, who rented the room to the baker, four months ago, could give no information concerning the man to the police—nor even knowing his name.

**JUSTICE E. T. BARTLETT ILL, TAKEN TO HOSPITAL.**

Justice Edward T. Bartlett, of the Court of Appeals, is in the Presbyterian Hospital ill of heart disease and kidney trouble. He was seized at the Union League Club yesterday, and while his condition is not serious, and the attack of heart disease he suffered was slight, it was deemed best to send him to the hospital, where it is thought a few days rest will bring about his recovery.

Justice Bartlett, who received both the Democratic and Republican nominations last year, has been in poor health for some time. While speaking on Nov. 23 at the Union League Club, he became suddenly ill and nearly fainted.

One Victim's Body Found in the Ruins of Skyscraper "Stuporous Melancholia" to Figure in Thaw Defense Seeing Policeman Meet Death He Planned Halts Suicide

SHOOTS WIFE AND KILLS HIMSELF IN BROOKLYN HOTEL

Arthur Martin Mortally Wounds Woman and Dies in the St. George.

Arthur Martin, the son of a wealthy Brooklyn family, shot his wife in their room in the St. George Hotel, No. 41 Clarke street, Brooklyn, and then killed himself this afternoon. Mrs. Martin is not expected to survive.

NEW PATTI HERE, READY FOR DEBUT AT HAMMERSTEIN'S

Tetrazzini Said to Be Singer of the Century, Greets Her New Impresario.

Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini, ever whose singing London recently went wild, calling her the new Patti, arrived here to-day on the French liner La Lorraine, accompanied by Pietro Brignoli, Oscar Hammerstein's agent, who signed her to appear for three seasons at the Manhattan Opera House.

There was a great gathering of Hammerstein stars at the French line pier when Mme. Tetrazzini disembarked with two truck loads of trunks, among them Campanini and his wife, who is a sister of Mme. Tetrazzini. Owing to some family quarrel the kinswomen had not spoken for fourteen years until to-day. There was a complete reconciliation at the pier when the two women threw their arms about each other and kissed time and again.

**She Knew Oscar's Hat.**

Oscar Hammerstein was at the head of the little company that went to the pier to meet Mme. Tetrazzini. He wore his famous hat and though the famous Italian singer had never seen him she recognized him at once by the lid and cried out from the railing of the steamer as it was warped into its berth.

"Ah! ze hat! Ze hat!"

The new Manhattan Opera House star was almost smothered with floral offerings that her sister and her manager had brought to the pier. She is a fine looking woman, with a winning smile. She began her operatic career at the age of fourteen, singing mostly in the Latin countries of Europe and South America.

At the age of eight, said Mme. Tetrazzini to-day, her voice was contralto. It changed shortly after her twelfth birthday, and she is one of the few opera singers who can reach F in alto. Her first great hit was in Rio Janeiro when she sang in "Traviata." This was five years ago, and since then her career has been marked by an uninterrupted series of triumphs.

**London Went Wild Over Her.**

Her phenomenal success, which has heralded the world over, did not come to her, however, until the local autumn season of grand opera at Covent Garden, where she had never sung before. Her first audience went wild over her. She was cheered again and again and the critics exhausted their vocabulary in sounding her praises. She was Patti and Jenny Lind and Melba all in one, they declared. Hers was the voice of the century.

From that night seats to hear her were at a premium and crowds blocked the streets to watch for her arrival and departure from the Opera House. She modestly declared that her voice had been as good for some years. She had been kept from Covent Garden by hostile influences. She knew, she said, an opportunity to sing in England was all she needed for her rare talents to be recognized.

Mr. Hammerstein's agent signed Mme. Tetrazzini last November, but owing to a death in the family she had to wait. She wanted to make her American debut in an entirely new set of costumes she could not be induced to come here before the holidays.

The liner had a rough voyage across the Atlantic, and Mme. Tetrazzini suffered severely from seasickness. She was confined to her stateroom during the entire passage.

Her first appearance in New York will be next Wednesday night, when she will sing the leading role in "La Traviata." She also will appear in the same opera at next Saturday's matinee.

Tetrazzini Meeting Hammerstein; Embraces Sister After Long Breach



Oscar Hammerstein and Luisa Tetrazzini.

BEATEN ALMOST TO DEATH; SAYS POLICE DID IT

Prisoner, in Pitiable Plight, Begs Magistrate to Protect Him.

"Bert Edward Johnson to the bar," sang out Magistrate Herrman in West Side Police Court to-day.

The door opened and in walked the most pitiful specimen of humanity seen in a court in years. Johnson was charged by Central Office detectives with fleeing small pieces of jewelry from the rooms of guests at the Hargrave Hotel, Seventy-second street and Columbus avenue, where he is employed.

His face was a mass of scars and scratches, both eyes were frightfully discolored and cuts and abrasions about his ears and forehead indicated a series of blows from some hard implement. He walked with a decided limp, and one arm was rudely thrust into a coat pocket, which he used as a sling.

**Could Hardly Speak.**

He could hardly speak. When he opened his mouth a hollow opening showed an absence of teeth. Small of stature, emaciated and with the pallor of death written on his face, he whimpered up to the bar and broke forth into convulsions of sobs. His breakdown was pitiful.

"Oh, Judge, if you have any pity for an innocent, helpless man in the hands of friends. Save me, oh, save me from these men!" he cried, hands outstretched in supplication. One of the detectives tried to interrupt, but Magistrate Herrman said:

"Let him tell his story, gentlemen."

"Last night they dragged me from the hotel basement and charged me with theft. I never stole anything worth speaking of. Because I would not admit taking a lot of jewelry they beat me unmercifully, calling me the vilest names imaginable. I protested, but a lieutenant and two detectives pounced on me again, kicking me into a corner and hissing in my ears 'Confess, you dirty dog, cough up!'

"I was fainting, and I guess was unconscious for a spell. When I came to again, two of them were over me. One of them shouted: 'Well, are you ready to come clean on this thing?' I told them as loudly as I could that I knew nothing.

**Will Investigate Story.**

"Then both of them punched me in the eyes and battered me with their fists. Several kicks followed, and when I tried to get up my leg was lame and I could not raise my arm.

"Oh, Judge, for heaven's sake, don't allow them to take me back there. It is hell, and I would die. They tortured me like fiends and then laughed in my face. And they call these men."

Johnson fell into the arms of the Bridge policeman as a flood of tears ran down his face.

"I am very much interested in this man's story," said the Magistrate. "Hold him until I can look into his story of this outrage. Bail placed at \$1,000."

Johnson was led back to the cells, cringing between two policemen.



Mrs. Eva Campanini and Mrs. Luisa Tetrazzini (Sisters) Reconciliation After 14 Years Estrangement.

TRUCK KILLS BOY AS HE ROLLS HOOP

Six-Year-Old Antonio Meale Loses Life While Playing with Companions.

While rolling a hoop in front of No. 27 Bleecker street with seven other children of his age, Antonio Meale, six years old, was today crushed to death by a truck belonging to James M. London, No. 16 West Eighteenth street and driven by Joe Doran, of No. 184 West Forty-third street. Doran was arrested by Policeman Fitzgerald, of the transit squad.

Little Antonio and his companions, without a public playground, were forced to use the streets. Doran did not know that he had run over the child until he reached Mulberry street, when Fitzgerald rode up and arrested him.

Charged with abducting a seventeen-year-old girl on Jan. 2, Charles Cattina, married, twenty-four years old, of No. 707 East Twelfth street, was held by Magistrate Kernochan in Jefferson Market Court to-day in \$1,000 bail for examination Monday. Clara Balicechi, very pretty, whom Cattina is charged with having induced to leave her home at No. 241 East Twelfth street, was held in the same bail, charged with incrimination.

According to the affidavit made by the girl's father, Joseph Balicechi, Cattina took the girl to an apartment house in Harlem, where they lived as man and wife, although Cattina had a wife and child.

Defendants, DeGuria, and Jimenez say Cattina took the girl to his own home despite the protests of his wife. When they went to Cattina's flat last night to make the arrest, they say Cattina denied that the girl was there, but she was later discovered in another room.

Mrs. Balicechi was in court to-day with a black eye.

**FORMER ASSEMBLYMAN DEAD.**

Former Assemblyman Edward Bailey died to-day at his home in Patchogue, L. I. He was stricken with pneumonia three weeks ago, and was believed to be getting better, when he suffered a relapse and died. He was seventy-two years old and had built up the biggest lumber business on Long Island.

RUINS OF BURNED SKYSCRAPER A MENACE TO LIFE

Fearing that Wrecked Parker Building Will Collapse Police Order Tenants of All Nearby Structures to Vacate at Once.

TRAFFIC IN SUBWAY IS RESUMED AFTER DELAY.

Trains Run Slowly and Are Not Allowed to Stop at Eighteenth Street--Body of a Fireman Taken From Mass of Debris.

**THE DEAD.**

O'CONNOR, GEORGE, Engine Company No. 72, missing; body believed to be in ruins.

PHILLIPS, THOMAS J., Engine Company No. 72; body found on the third floor.

FALLON, JOHN, Fire Patrol No. 3; body in the ruins.

**THE INJURED.**

DAVIN, Captain, Engine Company No. 72, cuts and bruises.

M'DERMOTT, STEPHEN, Police Captain, East Twenty-second street station, fractured knee; New York Hospital.

LANGFORD, Deputy Chief, cuts and bruises about head and face.

ROSS, Battalion Chief, Seventh Battalion, severe cuts and bruises.

KELLY, Captain, Patrol No. 3, shoulder fractured; New York Hospital.

O'BRIEN, MORRIS, Patrol No. 3, cuts and bruises.

HUTCHINSON, JAMES, Patrol No. 3, internal injuries; New York Hospital.

WELDON, Captain, Engine Company No. 24, cuts and stunned by fall downstairs.

FEURY, WILLIAM, fireman, stunned by fall on stairway.

TIERNNEY, JAMES, fireman, hurt by fall downstairs.

M'NULTY, JOSEPH, fireman, stunned by fall.

SHEA, Battalion Chief, Sixth Battalion, cuts on head and face and shock.

WARR, Captain, cuts on hands by glass.

WARD, Lieutenant, cuts on face and head by glass.

For fear of a collapse of the bent and buckled walls, extraordinary precautions were taken this afternoon on Fourth avenue, between Eighth and Nineteenth streets, where last night the twelve-story Parker Building burned to a twisted shell, with a loss of three lives and a property loss running into the millions.

Although the architect, who constructed the skyscraper, and the Fire Commissioner believed that the skeleton would stand, the police authorities, and the Building Department took no chances on a second catastrophe.

Traffic in the subway, which runs directly beneath the burned structure, was resumed at 1:30 P. M. after a several hours' stoppage, except that no trains stopped at the Eighteenth street station and all trains ran at reduced speed passing the threatened spot, but where the fire rages became more stringent than they had been earlier in the day. Trolley cars on the Fourth avenue side were stopped. All vehicular and foot travel through the block was suspended.

Inspector Schmittberger instructed his men to force the occupants of all the small buildings in the vicinity of Fourth avenue and Nineteenth street to move out. He feared that the wall on the Nineteenth street side might drop. Reserves from several stations came to aid in the enforcement of the order. One of the buildings was believed to be sliding under their feet. Gorgin went down three floors, but escaped with a bad shaking up.

**A Body Recovered.**

From the smoking shell the firemen this afternoon reclaimed the first of the three bodies that were believed to be in the burning ruins.

Guests in the Hotel Florence saw through a window the limbs of a man, the rest of the body was hidden in the tons of debris that showed where the third floor had been.

The members of Hook and Ladder Company No. 7 took long chances on their own lives in getting the dead man free of the wreckage. Identification was made through a bunch of keys.

The body was that of Thomas F. Phillips, twenty-three years old, of No. 183 Spring street, who had been a fireman for two years.

It is impossible as yet for the Building Department to decide whether the frame of the gutted skyscraper will be torn down as a menace to public safety.

Shortly after 9 o'clock subway service was entirely suspended between the Fourteenth and Forty-second street stations. Big placards announcing the suspension were posted at all ticket booths. The suspension continued for over four hours.

The fire started on the sixth floor and is believed to have been smoldering a long time. The building occupies the greater part of the block front on Irving place, between Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets, and long before flames suddenly shot through a window residents in the vicinity had been smelling smoke.

The five alarms had brought the engines from every part of Manhattan and the Bronx, and there were hundreds of firemen yelling and climbing ladders, only to totter back to the street, weak from smoke and heat; but when three men who had been felled on the sixth floor did not appear they were missed.

**Faced Death in Vain.**

Up the scolding ladders went Battalion Chief Blinn and half a dozen men. Ag-